

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

*Titus.* O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,  
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,  
If any power pitties wretched teares,  
To that I call: what would thou kneele with me?  
Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,  
Or with our sighs wee le breath the welkin dimme,  
And staine the sunne with fogge as sometime cloudes,  
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes.

*Marcus.* Oh brother speake with possibilities,  
And do not breake into these deepe extreames.

*Titus.* Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?  
Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.

*Marcus.* But yet let reason gouernethy lament.

*Titus.* If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I binde my woes:  
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?  
If the windes rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threatning the welkin with his bigswolne face?  
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?  
I am the sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:  
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:  
Then must my Sea be moued with her sighes,  
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,  
Become a deluge: overflowed and drowned:  
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
Then giue me leaue, for loofers will haue leaue,  
To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.*

*Messen.* Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,  
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:  
Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.

And

*of Titus Andronicus*

And heeres thy hand in scorne to  
Thy griefes their sports: Thy refo  
That woe is me to thinke vpon th  
More then remembrance of my fat

*Marc.* Now let hot *Etna* coole  
And be my hart an euer-burning  
These miseries are more then may  
To weepe with them that weepe,  
But sorrow flouted at, is double dea

*Luci.* Ah that this sight should n  
And yet detested life not shrinke t  
That euer death should let life bea  
Where life hath no more interest l

*Marc.* Alas poore hart that kisse  
As frozen water to a starued snak

*Titus.* When will this fearefull l

*Marc.* Now farewell flatterie,  
Thoudost not slumber, see thy t  
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled  
Thy other banisht sonne with thi  
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and t  
Euen like a stony Image, cold an  
Ah now no more will I controule  
Rent of thy siluer haire, thy other  
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be  
The closing vp of our most wret  
Now is a time to storme, why art

*Titus.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Marc.* Why dost thou laugh?

*Titus.* Why I haue not another  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemie,  
And would vsurpe vpon my wa  
And make them blinde with trib  
Then which way shall I finde R